

as a hobby, Joey started making ceramic replicas of many of the birds she knew so well and loved throughout her life. Many of us are the proud owners of the ceramic birds created by Joey Windsor.

In 1920, at Lake Placid, New York, Joey Windsor made the acquaintance of Eleanor Pritchard Jones of Carbondale, Pennsylvania, and they quickly became the best of friends. Eleanor Pritchard Jones, the daughter of Samuel Sheldon Jones and Maggie Gillespie Russell of Carbondale, was my mother's cousin. It was through *one of my mother's cousins, therefore,* ^{that} Joey Windsor became a part of my life, and a part of the life of every member of the Powell and Winter families. For my brothers, Jim, Donald and Russell, and for my cousins, Peg and Elizabeth, and for myself, Aunt Eleanor and Joey, Joey and Aunt Eleanor, were always regarded as extra special people. Holiday dinners would not have been holiday dinners without them. From them, we learned many things. Not only did we learn to identify hundreds of species of North American birds, we learned, at the same time, to respect the laws of nature. From them, either at Aunt Eleanor's house in Carbondale, 14 Dart Avenue, or at Apokeepsink, the vacation retreat created by Joey Windsor and Aunt Eleanor on Four Mile Pond, we learned that people are interesting not only because of their similarities but also because of their differences. From them we learned that to be intolerant is to be less than human. From them we learned that the supreme virtue is tolerance. From them, as well, we learned that in addition to the literal and the concrete world of empirical reality, there exist an infinite number of figurative and abstract worlds, and that those metaphorical realms, created by and for the human mind, are accessible to all inquiring human minds. Those are important lessons